

hold it in

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Category: IT (Movies - Muschietti), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Is this sweet? Is it kinda painful?, M/M, One-Sided Attraction, Pining, Young Love

Language: English

Characters: Eddie Kaspbrak, Richie Tozier

Relationships: Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

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Summary:

very short vignette: it's the afternoon and they're in the clubhouse.

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Holding hands is probably nicer than bullshit playfighting chokeholds, but Richie can't be sure. He can't stop thinking about it while he's watching Eddie from across the hammock, though. Like, he really can't stop thinking about it and he's probably staring too-- which, fuck it, Eddie's too engrossed in his comic anyway. His eyes are so pretty. His brow is furrowed in concentration.

It would be really cool to get to hold hands, Richie thinks. Maybe. But his hands would probably get sweaty as shit. That would be gross, Eddie would be grossed out. So grossed out. He'd think Richie was fucking disgusting, but--

Chokeholds aren't that bad, really. Eddie's so short that it's too easy for Richie. Resident trashmouth, gets too happy about getting a faceful of his best friend's hair when they're wrestling badly. That's so stupid. But it's all he's got these days. It's almost a hug, almost.

Richie glances away just in time for Bev to raise a brow at him. She knows. Girls mature faster than boys, and she notices shit like this so of course she knows. Richie adjusts his glasses and crosses his arms and screws his eyes shut so he can pretend to doze off. He's really just going to think about what he's going to say after Eddie finishes his issue.

His mouth usually moves faster than his brain does, but he does hear himself talking. Seriously, he does. Sometimes he wants to beat his own ass for saying the shit he does, but the more he talks, the more he can get away with stuff. Just pile on the stupid and the other stupid gets forgotten. Recently, though, something weird keeps happening. Sometimes he starts talking to Eddie and his heart starts racing and it goes even faster than his mouth, so that's really fucking fast. Richie isn't stupid but he isn't smart enough to know what to do with the the shitstorm in his chest when Eddie's around lately.

It feels like a badly skinned knee sometimes. He can feel the stretch of the wound every time he tries to move. Sometime he can feel the scab cracking on the surface. He picks at it himself, all the time. It sucks a lot.

But sometimes Richie thinks about holding hands. And sometimes it seems like the best idea. But he can survive on chokeholds.